

PUBLISHED BY CRYSTAL VIDEO

# CATSPATS

VOLUME 2  
NUMBER 3

**\$10.**

**WILD WOMEN**



**HAIR PULLING  
ACTION  
VIDEOS  
STORIES  
REAL FIGHTS  
ADULTS ONLY**





# Catspats

A Crystal Films Publication

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# Robin vs. Pat *Re-Match*



It had been three months since Robin and Pat had had their fight. During that time Robin had been working out and had refrained from stealing and of Pat's clients. What she didn't know was that Pat, too, had been getting in shape.

The hatred they felt for each other had been building and festering all these months even though they hadn't seen each other since the fight.

Almost gleefully Robin found out the names of some of Pat's S&M customers and went about luring them away from her. It didn't take long for Pat to find out and realize that another confrontation with Robin was inevitable.

The final straw came when one of Pat's clients never showed up for their session and instead called in and told her that Robin was offering sessions at half the price of what Pat charged. Infuriated, Pat grabbed a black dress to barely cover her stockings and S&M attire and rushed to confront Robin.







Not even bothering to knock, Pat rushed into Robin's apartment to find her preparing for a bondage session. Pat grabbed Robin's roughly by the lapels of her jacket. Robin did the same and for a moment both women held onto each other, glaring into each other's eyes.

"Bitch," spat Robin.

"Whore," Tricia spat back.

With firm grips on each others dresses the two women swung each other around the room, crashing against furniture and smashing glass vases. With a loud tearing rip, Pat's black dress split in two, hanging off her slim body. With one hand she grabbed Robin's blond hair and with her free hand, Pat tore off what remained of her dress to allow her free movement.

Robin grimaced in pain as one side of her head felt like it was on fire.

Once her dress was completely off, Pat retaliated and ripped Robin's top off, leaving her in only a bra and skirt.

The women broke apart and warily circled each other. Under their breath they muttered curses and then if by some pre-arranged signal the two blonds clashed.

Hands entangled in each other hair they fell to the ground where their intertwined nylon clad legs pulled and strained against each other as they rolled over and over.





"Fuckin' bitch," screamed Robin, as they rolled over, yanking frantically at each others blond hair.

"Eat shit!" Pat screamed back and pulled a fist full of Robin's hair out.

Still rolling, Robin ended up on top. Sitting astride her enemy, she grabbed a handful of hair in each hand and began banging Pat's head on the floor. Unfortunately for Robin her breasts hung low in front of Pat and Pat in a desperate move freed one arm and latched her claws onto the swinging tit. With a howl Robin screamed and lost her balance. Falling sideways the dazed Pat quickly regained her senses and took advantage of the situation and decked her rival with a right across the jaw.

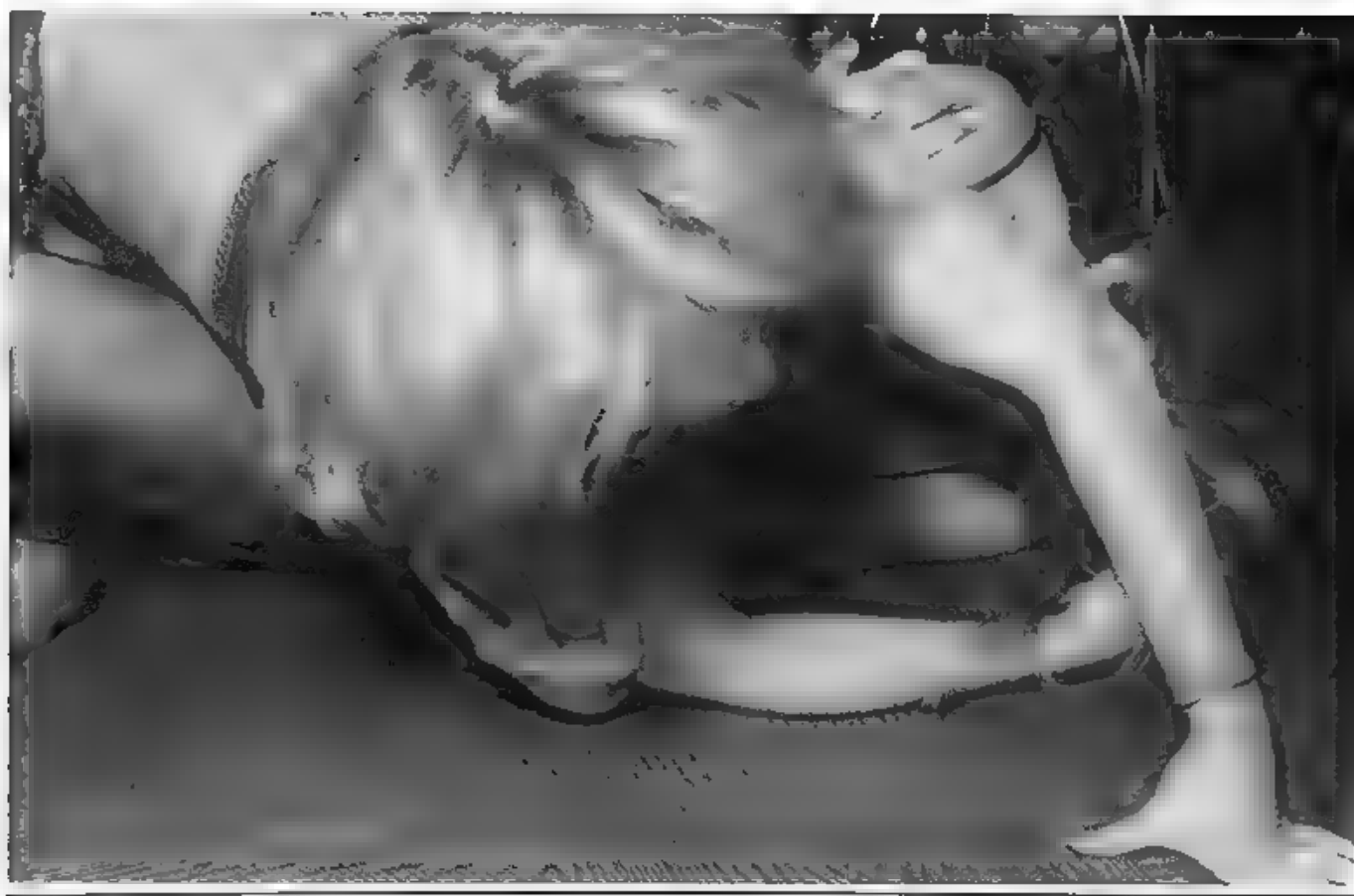
Robin tried to crawl away but Pat was right on her, punching her in the back, grabbing her head and twisting out blond hair by the roots.









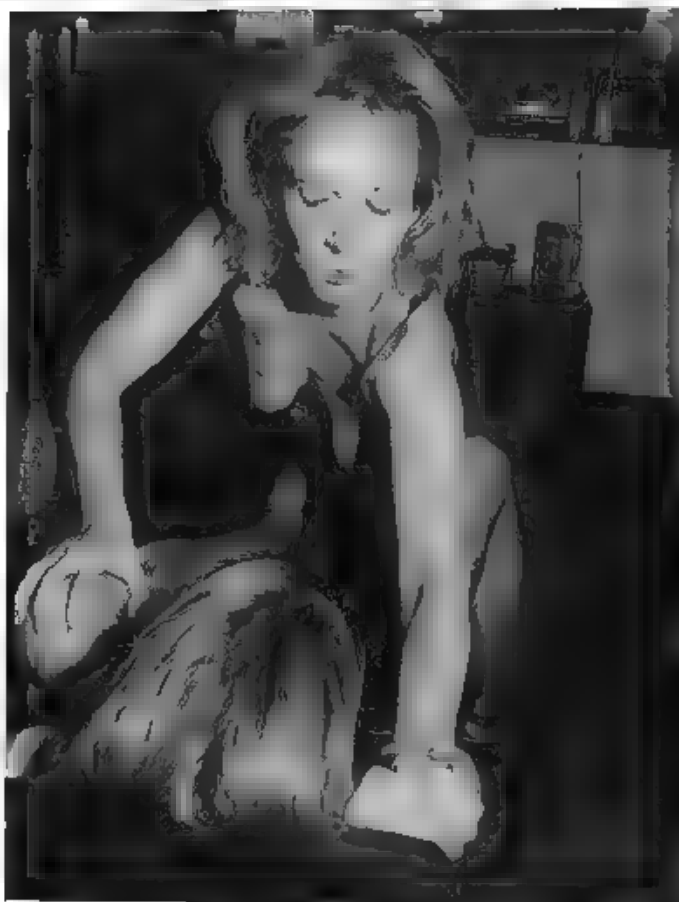


Still, there was fight left in Robin. She elbowed Pat in the jaw and giving her the time she needed to clear the cobwebs from her brain and compose her plan of attack.

Slowly she got to her feet and Pat did the same. Bare breasted they came together, grasping each others arms, both afraid to take any more damage yet each determined to damage the other.

Struggling on their feet, they uttered small gasps of exertion as their sweat covered bodies strained against each other. Nipples touched nipples and each could feel the others swollen pubic area beneath their respective panties.

Very slowly Robin forced Pat onto the daybed in a sitting position. Neither would relinquish the slippery grip on the other wrists.





Almost at the same time they grasped each others hair and pulled. The battle continued in this almost tableau state for some time. Without moving, Pat sitting on the bed and Robin kneeling in front, they fought. Hands left the heads and found breasts and the struggle turned into a tit fight.



Exerting all the pressure each could muster they squeezed and then suddenly Robin was on the bottom and Pat on top. Then as they were saving up their energy for one final assault against each other, the two blonds started swinging wildly and a mad scramble followed.

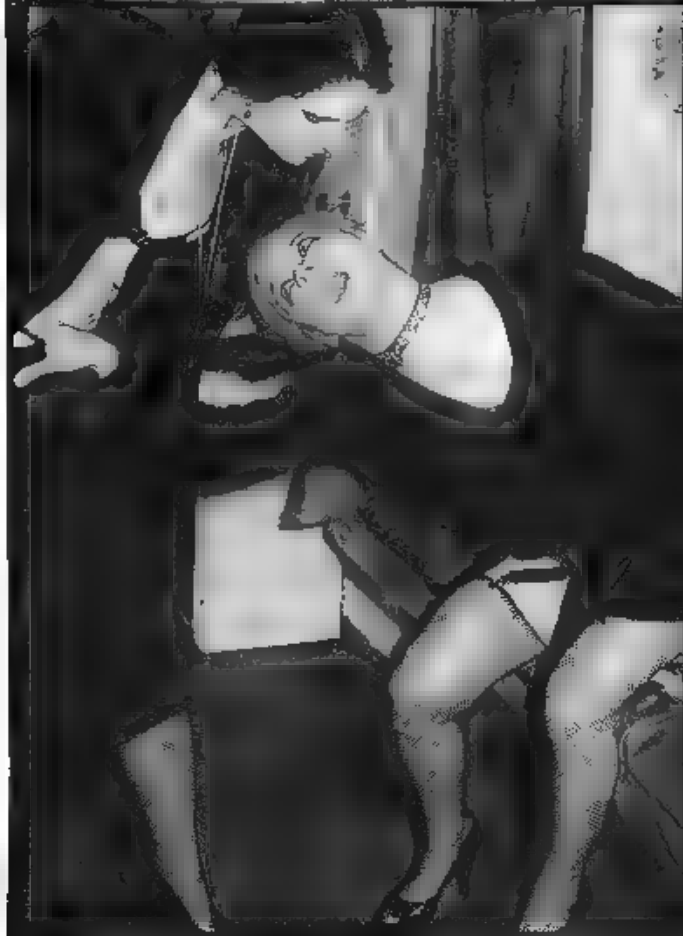
Somehow, Robin managed to get Pat wedged between her legs. Pat bit down on her rivals thigh. Punches found bodies and jaws and when the fists stopped flying, Robin was lying on her back, moaning in pain.

"Bitch," spat Pat, digging her heel into Robin's stomach. "Go ahead. Grab my foot and knock me off balance. Go ahead. Start another fight. I dare you."

But there was no reply. Only Robin's moan.

Pat snickered and picked up her clothes. "Keep out of my way from now on," she warned. "Next time you won't get off so lucky." Pat laughed and walked out, purposely leaving the door open so everyone walking by could see the beaten Robin.

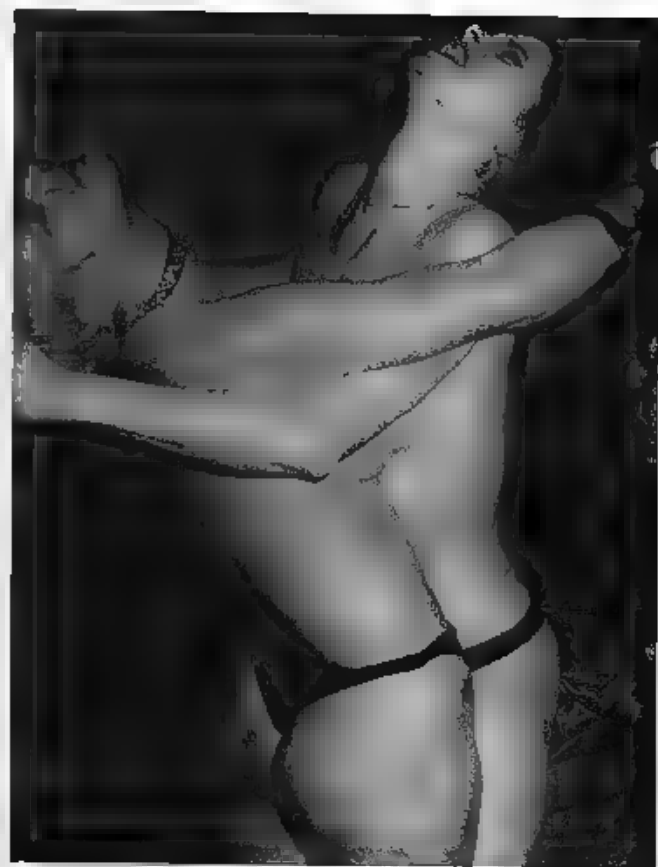






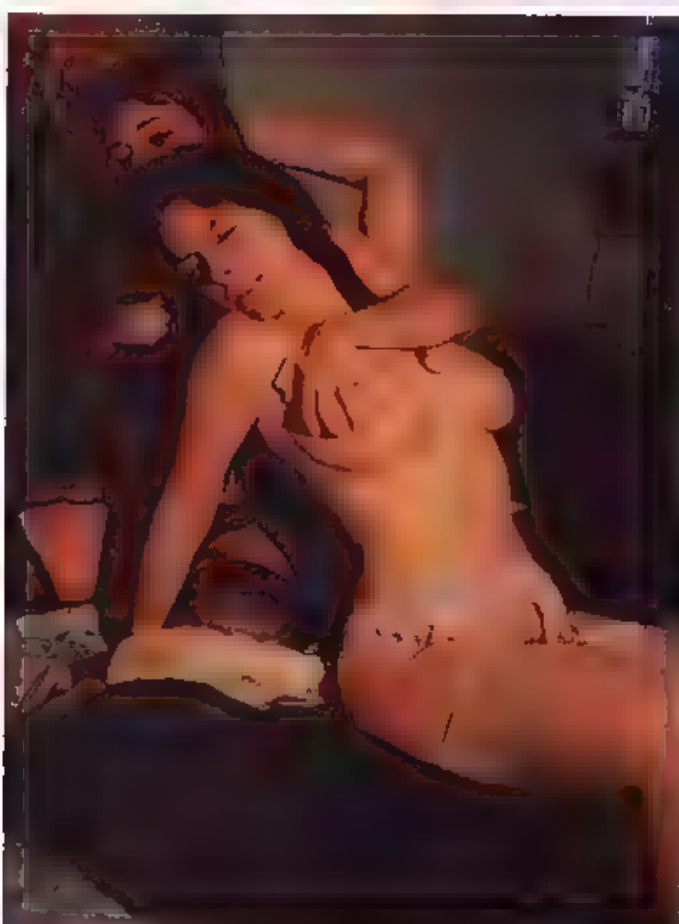
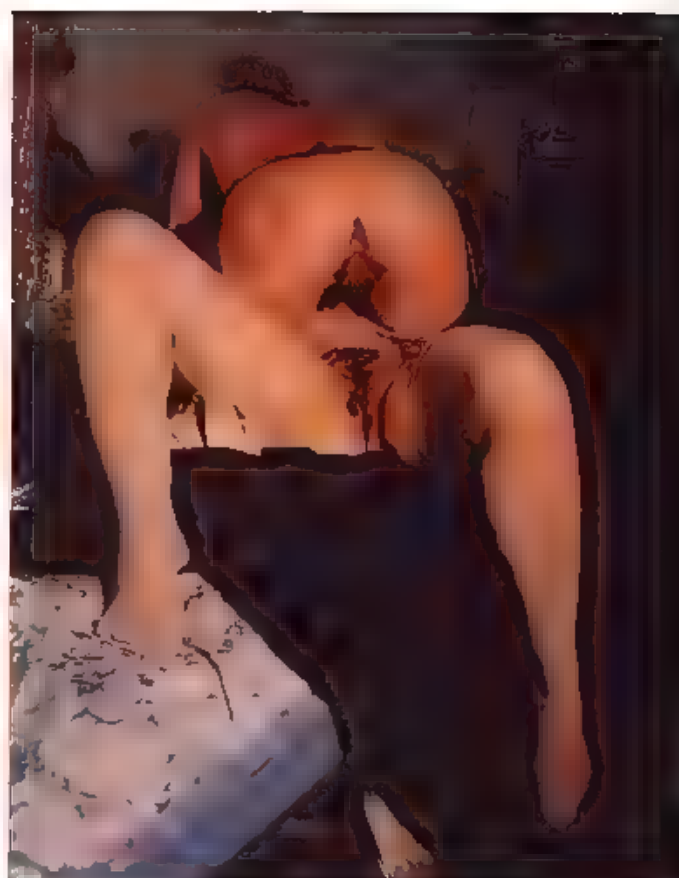
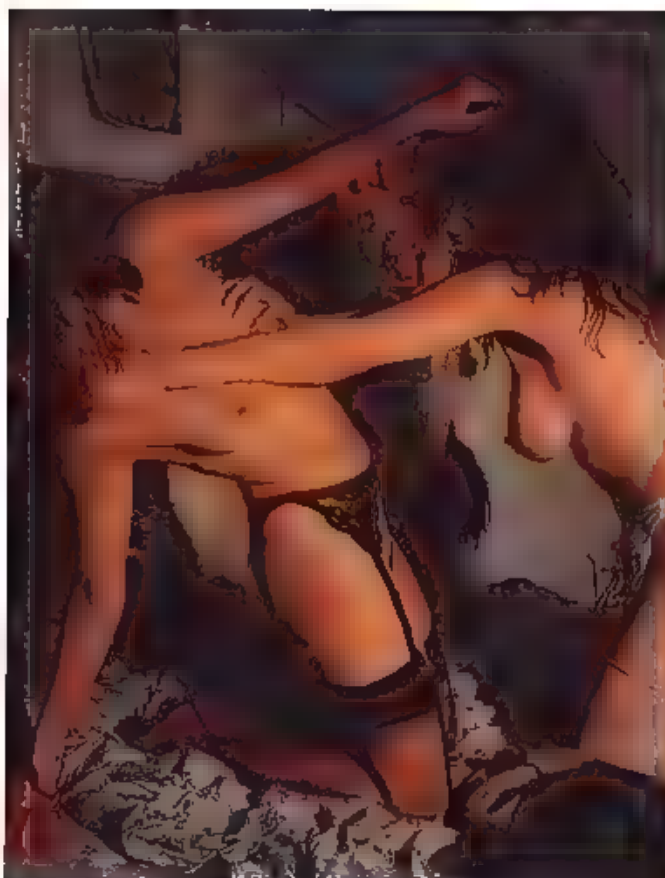


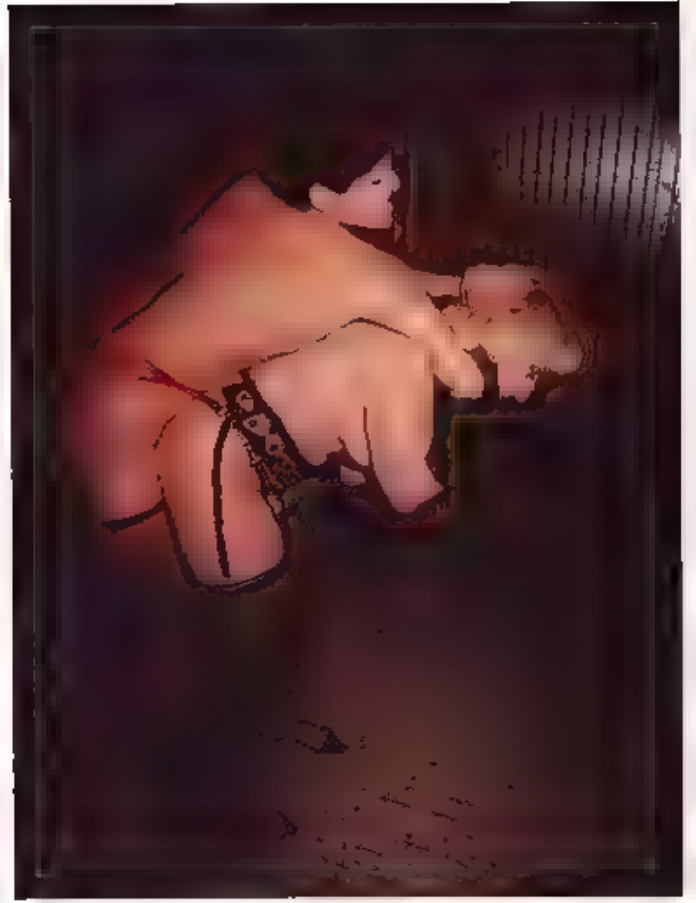
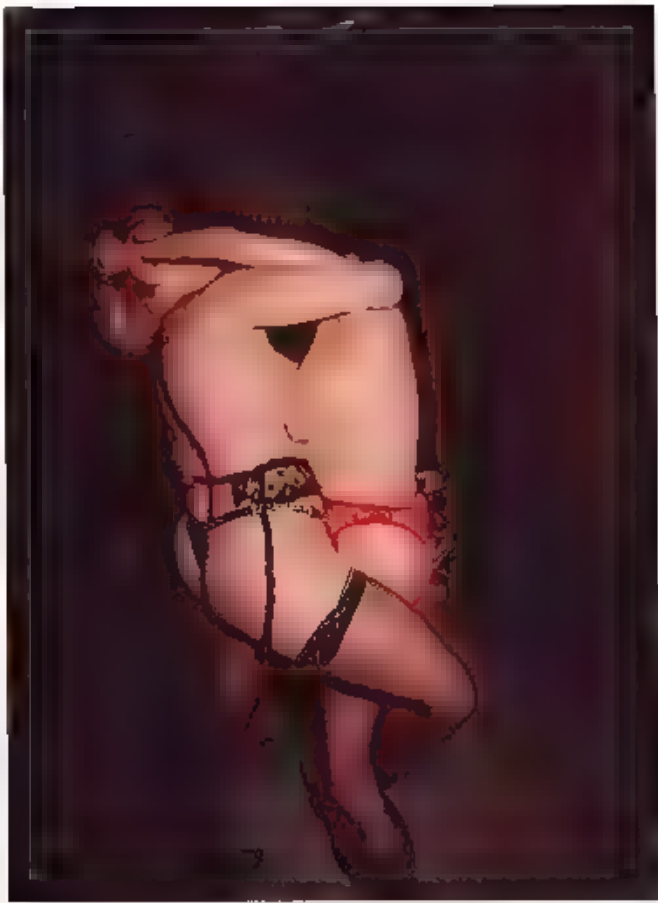




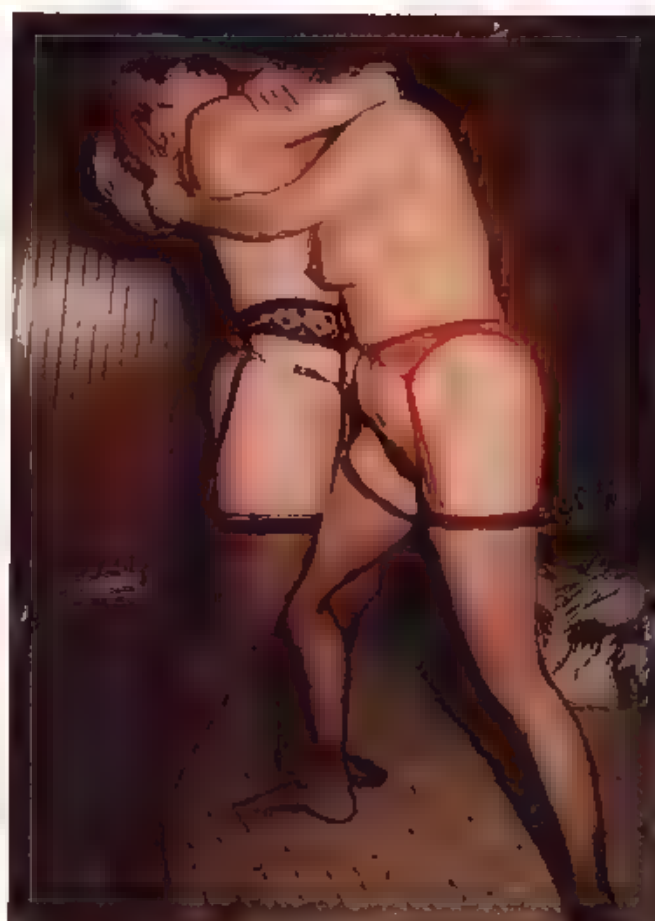
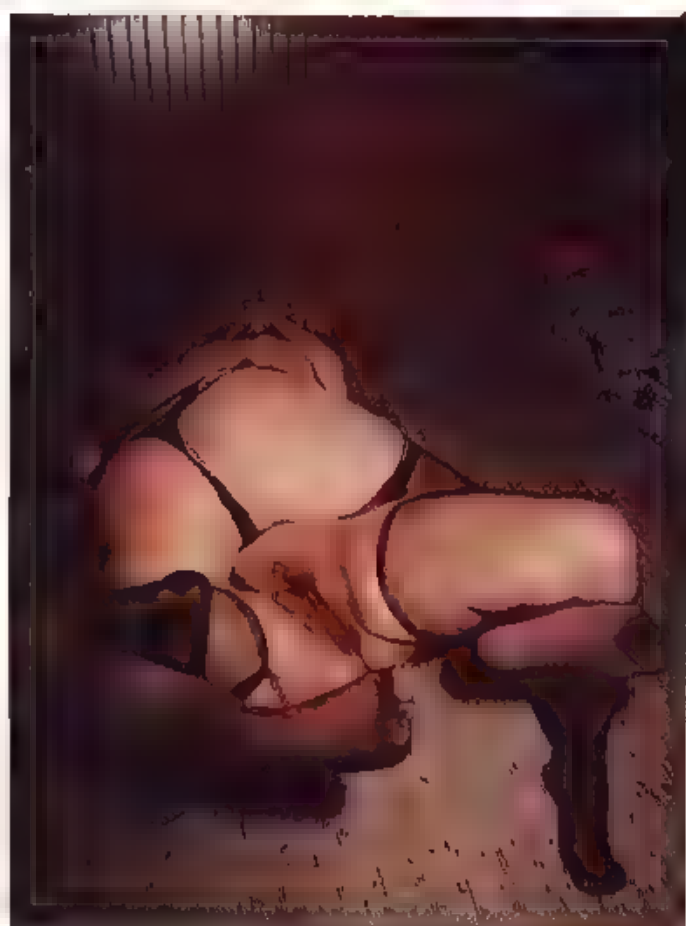
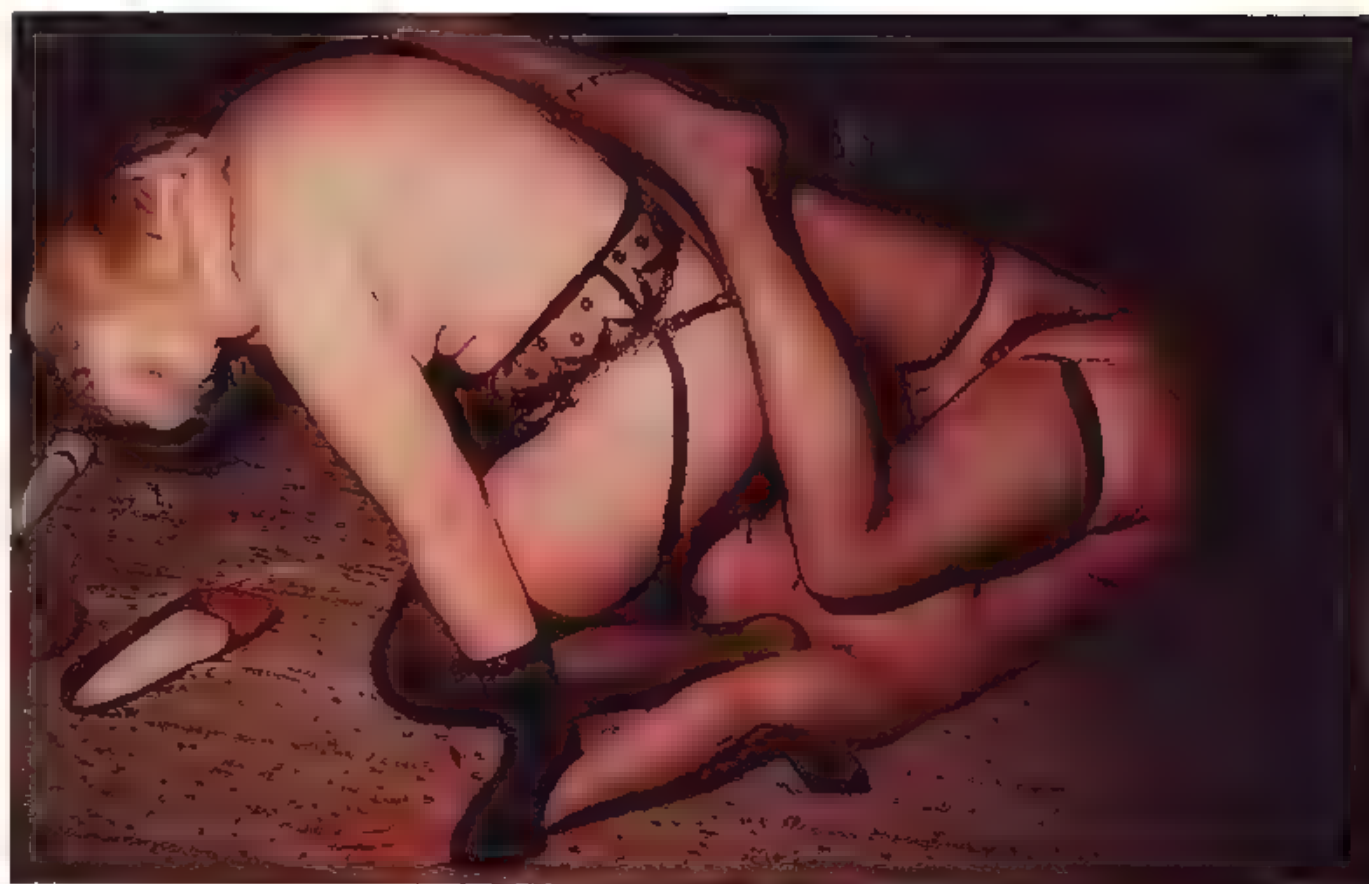












# Mother-in-Law vs. Daughter-in-Law

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The feud had been going on long before Kristi had married Bonnie's son, Eric. Bonnie was a tall buxom woman in her early fifties and she had disapproved of her son's fiancée and in no uncertain terms had let Kristi know at every opportunity that Eric was too good for her. Kristi bit her lip and kept quiet. She was a big woman and Eric's mother was a big woman, both Amazonian in stature, each six foot one and weighing in at 160 pounds. Both were extremely short tempered.

More than once Kristi felt that Eric's mother was actually trying to provoke her into a fight. For Eric's sake Kristi walked away, but now, a little after a year of marriage, Bonnie was constantly calling and driving her daughter-in-law crazy. While they were making love Bonnie would call and order her son over to her house to fix the plumbing. The wimpy Eric went. Whenever Kristi answered the phone Bonnie refused to speak with her and in an icy voice would say, "put my son on the phone. I don't talk to whores."











This made Kristi laugh. Eric's mother was the biggest whore in town, cheating as openly when Eric's father was alive as she did now. At least once a month she'd be sporting a black eye or bruised face after getting into a fight with some of her lovers wives or girlfriends.

Bonnie liked to dress sexy in garter-belt, stockings, spike heels, low cut dresses and open bras so that her hardened nipples protruded through her flimsy dresses. She resented Kristi because she dressed the same way and was twenty years younger.

Whenever Kristi complained to her husband about his mothers treatment Eric would merely say, "Don't antagonize her. She has a bad temper so please don't start anything."

"Well, I have a temper, too" Kristi would scream. "And if that bitch of a mother-in-law doesn't stop I'll hit her so hard I'll knock that bleached blond hair right off her head."





"Don't start anything, please," Eric would implore and leave the room.

"Come back here, you wimp," Kristi would yell after him. Eric would pretend not to hear.

Finally the tension between Eric's wife and mother reached its climax. One night when Eric had to work late the phone rang.

"Hello," said Kristi.

"Bitch," was the venomous reply. "Put my son on the phone."

Kristi exploded. "Listen you over-age teenager. Eric's my husband not your slave. You stop bothering us and get yourself fucked."

There was a long pause on the other end and then screaming as loud as she could, Bonnie yelled, "You fucking whore. I've had it with you. I'm dressed to go out but you get your fat ass over here and I'll kick it up and down the street."

"I'll be right there," screamed Kristi back and slammed down the phone.

Rushing over to Bonnie's apartment, Kristi pounded on the door. It took only a second for it to fly open. Both women were in black dresses and this only infuriated Bonnie's anger even more, thinking that her daughter-in-law had purposely worn a similar outfit in order to mock her.

Without saying a word Bonnie removed her dress and motioned for Kristi to do the same.

"Leaving your gloves on?" Kristi said sarcastically, referring to Bonnie's elbow length evening gloves.

"I won't be that long," Bonnie spat. "Get that dress off and let's go at it."

With that Bonnie picked up a hand massage that was lying on the couch and tried to hit Kristi who blocked the attack.

"I'll bet your grand kids are really proud of you," Kristi said and let her dress fall around her ankles revealing two large tits, garter-belt and stockings and a build similar to that of her hated mother-in-law, except Kristi wore no panties and Bonnie wore only a t-bar.

Without a word both Amazons clashed, their breasts mashing together, hands angrily grasped each others hair and yanked. So hard did they pull hair that both women's heads were bent backwards so that their extended pink nipples pushed into each other, flattening the soft flesh like pancakes.

As they struggled, body to body, clit to clit, breast to breast, so strenuously were they fighting that they lost their balance and fell to the rug.

Over the two huge women rolled, punching and slapping, each asking for no mercy and none given.

With animal-like grunts the women rolled over and over and finally stopped with Kristi on top. Then slowly, exerting all her pressure Bonnie rolled her daughter-in-law off and then she'd be on top. All the while each woman, whenever possible, would grab a handful of the others breasts and squeeze as hard as a vice. The woman on the receiving end would scream in pain and return the punishment.

Breaking apart, the antagonists scrambled to their feet, breathing heavy and glaring at each other with the utmost hatred.

"Whore," gasped Bonnie.

"Fuck you," retorted Kristi, her large breasts heaving and jiggling with each intake of air. "I came here to fight you, not talk."

Bonnie raised her gloved fists and Kristi raised her bare fists. "Come on," goaded the mother-in-law and swung a wild right at

Kristi's head. The blow missed and Kristi quickly jabbed, catching her rival squarely on the jaw and knocking her back.

The startled Bonnie rushed forward and tackled her daughter-in-law and both women crashed against the wall and fell to the floor, a snarling mash of flesh and pure animal hatred. Scratching, biting, punching, ripping out hair, tit grabbing and cunt kicking the women fought fiercely around the room. Sometimes on their feet but more often rolling energetically and very violently all over the carpeted floor.

Rising to their feet they closed and bear hugged trying to crush each others tits and at the same time trying to squeeze the breath and life out of the other. They staggered around the room, hands locked behind the others back and their breasts pressed so tightly together that each woman felt as if their tits would explode from the pressure.

Woman sweat dripped between their legs and trickled down their stockings. Still these Amazons continued their fight, so much











was their hatred for each other. They crashed again to the ground, only this time the breath was knocked from Krsti's lungs. Quickly taking advantage Bonnie maneuvered behind her daughter-in-law and got her into a headlock. With all her might she squeezed harder and harder until Kristi fell limply to the floor. She was out cold. Not satisfied with her victory Bonnie placed her large ass on her daughter-in-law's face and waited until she came around.

"I'll call whenever I want and come over whenever I want. My son is my slave. He's always been my slave and if you think you want a re-match, anytime, anyplace."

Bonnie laughed and went out to dinner leaving her beaten and humiliated daughter-in-law alone.



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# Roommate Rivals

The one thing that both Tasha and Cindy had in common was their bad tempers. They were roommates not by choice but because neither could afford the high New York City rents.

From the very beginning nothing went right between these two. Cindy didn't like the way Tasha hogged the bathroom. Tasha didn't like any of Cindy's boyfriends. Everytime this friction arose there was always the threat of physical violence but neither woman was willing to actually settle things violently. They were evenly matched and though each had been in several brutal catfights at bars, back alleys and out in parking lots, they knew that a fight with each other would be the most brutal

of all and it would also make living together impossible. They both needed the apartment badly

On this particular morning both had gotten in late and both had gotten up early. They were both in foul moods. As they passed each other in the livingroom Tasha snickered.

"What the fuck's your problem?" said an irritated Cindy.

"Look at yourself," Tasha replied "Don't you ever change your clothes? You're still wearing the same garter-belt and stockings you wore last night."

"Look who the fuck's talking," Cindy shot back. "Didn't you wear that same underwear yesterday and last night when you spent the night with that douche bag, Fred?"





Tasha looked down in surprise. She was wearing the same stockings and garter-belt she wore the night before. Then suddenly she realized the put-down of her boyfriend.

"Don't call Fred names," Tasha said angrily. "I've seen some of the scum you drag in here every night and it's a wonder you don't have aids—or do you?"

"Fuck you," said Cindy and started to walk toward the kitchen.

"The Jewish American princess has such nice language or maybe it's the Italian half talking."

Cindy stopped dead in her tracks. The one thing she was most sensitive about was her mixed ethnic background, an Italian mother and an Israeli father. Slowly she turned, her face beet red. "You bleached blond pig," she said through clenched teeth. "You fucking bleached blond whore."

A second later the two women were face to face. Beneath the thin fabric of their blouses, their breast and nipples pressed into each others



Suddenly Cindy smiled. "I fucked Fred last week," she said, referring to Tasha's favorite boyfriend.

Without saying a word Tasha grabbed Cindy's hair and the fight was on.

Within seconds Tasha's lace teddy and Cindy's Japanese robe were torn off, leaving the girls naked except for their garter-belts and stockings.

This type of catfight was the dirty kind where the vulnerable parts of a woman's body became the prime targets. Tasha felt the large flesh of Cindy's tits press into her own soft flesh. They crashed to the ground, locked in a mutual embrace and rolled the length of the room. Cindy's ass on top, then Tasha's, the Cindy's until they came to rest with Cindy on top.







Only this was not advantage for the dark haired fighter. Her tits hung low over Tasha's face and not missing a chance, the blond grabbed one large breast and bit down hard on the nipple. Cindy pushed herself back and screamed at the top of her lungs.



Cindy's right hand shot down and smashed a hard fist against Tasha's jaw and the blond released her bite on the black haired girls tit.

Quick as a cat, Tasha, still underneath Cindy raked her nails across her rivals face.

"You fucking cunt," Cindy screamed and lost her balance.

The women rolled over once with Tasha coming out on top. Without hesitation Cindy grabbed the blond's big tit and bit down. Now it was the other girls turn to scream in pain. It was also Cindy's turn to rake her nails across Tasha's face.

"One good turn deserves another, bitch," hissed Cindy.

"Fuck you," Tasha shot back and almost simultaneously both women swung fists to each others heads.

Like two angry wasps they rolled all over the room, swinging balled fists, biting each others tits when they got a chance and pulling each others hair out in clumps.

They didn't speak but intently concentrated their efforts on fighting each other.



Finally, nearing exhaustion, the women broke apart. Realizing that continuing fighting was almost impossible, they simply had no strength left. Tasha picked up a chair to smash over Cindy's head. Only Cindy, seeing what was happening grabbed a chair of her own.

Like ancient gladiators the enemies used the chairs like both weapons and shields, ramming them together and trying to use the wooden legs as clubs.

With a last ditch attack, Tasha pushed Cindy backward until she lost her balance and fell. Before she could get up and defend herself, Cindy was hit once, then twice, then three times on the head and body until she lost consciousness.

Breathing heavily from the battle Tasha slipped next to her beaten rival.

"From now on," she said to the unconscious Cindy. "You're nothing around here and I'm the Queen Bee."







Catpats

